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“Democracy *versus* Autocracy”

AND OTHER PATRIOTIC ADDRESSES

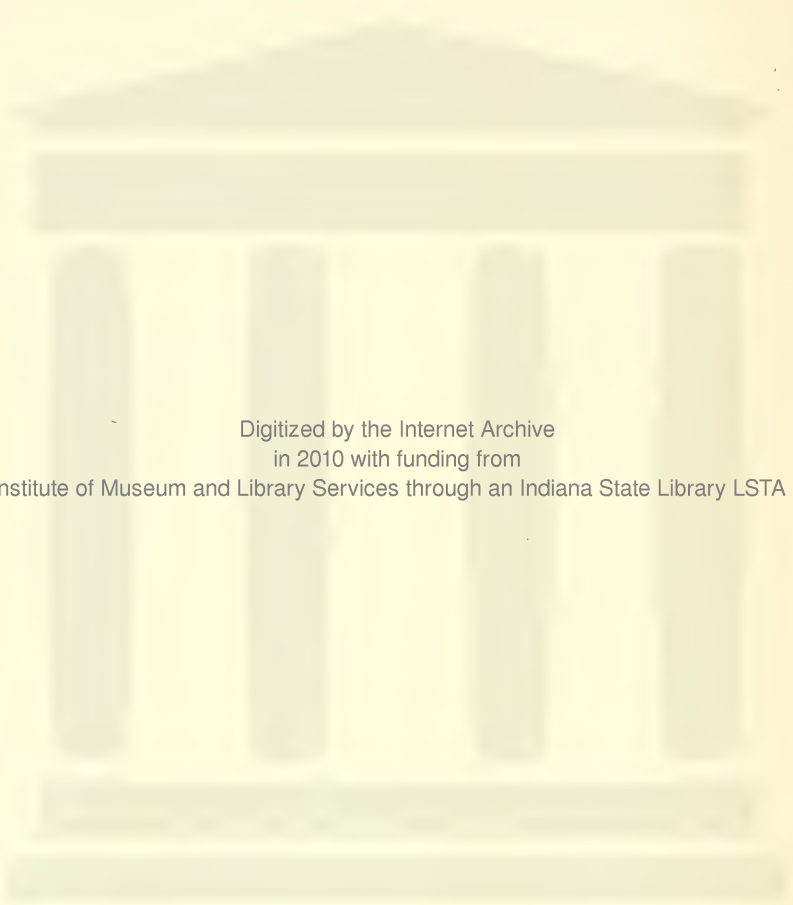
**Delivered in New York City
July 4, 1917**

**By DR. JOHN WESLEY HILL
Chancellor Lincoln Memorial University**



**Published by
LINCOLN MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY
1917**

New York Offices, 30 E. 42nd Street



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“DEMOCRACY *versus* AUTOCRACY”

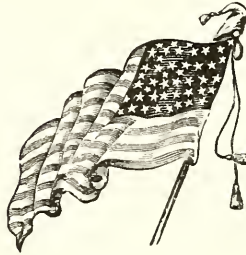
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Patriotic Resolutions

ADOPTED UNANIMOUSLY BY THOSE ATTENDING
THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY CELE-
BRATION, PLEDGING SUPPORT TO THE PRESI-
DENT OF THE UNITED STATES

Offered by Hon. Charles A. Towne, former United States Senator from Minnesota; seconded by Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, former Secretary U. S. Treasury.

Resolved, By an audience representing every section of the Republic, every occupation and profession of its population, and every complexion of its political opinion, assembled on the birthday anniversary of Abraham Lincoln, in the heart of the mountain and forest country that gave him to the world, for the purpose of consecrating in his name a great institution of learning to perpetuate the memory of his character and service to his country and to all mankind; that we hereby send the President of the United States, now bearing the weight of a heavier responsibility than ever himself, or any of his predecessors but Lincoln himself, was called upon to bear, a salutation of patriotic sympathy and devotion, and assurance of confidence in his wisdom and self-restraint, and his courage, and a pledge that his determination to preserve peace so long as it may be kept with honor, but to maintain, if need must be, the self-respect and duty of the country at every hazard, shall be supported and sustained by the united and undaunted citizenship of America.

Adopted February 12, 1917

RESOLUTION PASSED UNANIMOUSLY BY THE
BOYS OF LINCOLN MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY

Resolved, That we, the male students of Lincoln Memorial University, will be ready at a moment's notice to enlist under the flag of the United States should war be declared by the Congress of the United States, and a call made for volunteers by the President of the United States.

February 12, 1917

FOREWORD

As Chairman of the Program Committee for the Fourth of July Celebrations in greater New York, I have urged the publication of the within patriotic addresses.

Having served as Chairman of this Committee for a number of years I do not hesitate to say that for logical insight, historic data, patriotic ardour and inspiring eloquence I never listened to a series of Fourth of July addresses ranking with those delivered at the recent celebration by Dr. John Wesley Hill.

During the day he spoke to not less than two hundred thousand people and from his first appearance in the morning to his last address near midnight his speeches increased in inspiration, power and momentum, carrying his vast audiences by storm and winning tumultuous applause as he dwelt upon the great principles involved in the present World War.

Since their delivery, so many calls for their publication have reached me that I have persuaded Dr. Hill to permit their publication as taken stenographically. In gratifying this wide-spread desire he is performing a distinct service to the cause of American patriotism.

The Lincoln Memorial University, of which he is Chancellor, is entitled to the grateful recognition of the public for the great work it is doing through the patriotic ministry of its chancellor in the mobilizing of public sentiment, for the prosecution of the crucial struggle in which we are now engaged.

HENRY T. FLECK, Chairman
Hunter College, New York City.

June 12, 1917.

CITY OF NEW YORK
BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN
MARCUS M. MARKS
PRESIDENT OF THE BOROUGH
MUNICIPAL BUILDING

July 5, 1917.

Dear Dr. Hill:

As Chairman of the Borough of Manhattan Fourth of July Committee, I desire to express to you my sincere appreciation of your assistance in making the One Hundred Forty-first Celebration of Independence Day, yesterday in this City, such a wonderful success.

The work which your University is doing and planning for the future is one which is filling a unique place in the educational work of our country.

By your participation in these patriotic demonstrations, you have set a worthy example to the leading educators of our country.

The words which you spoke yesterday so fittingly at the Lincoln Monument in Union Square, at Washington Headquarters, at the Maine Monument, at City Hall, Central Park, and at the other celebration points, so ably describe the necessities of our people in the present crisis that I feel strongly that they should be given a much wider hearing and reading, and I hope that, in some way, these addresses may be published and circulated.

Again I desire to thank you for your valuable assistance.

Most sincerely yours,

MARCUS M. MARKS.

Dr. John Wesley Hill,
30 East 42nd Street,
Manhattan.

TO OUR FRIENDS

The Lincoln Memorial University Association takes pleasure in presenting this group of addresses by our Chancellor, Dr. John Wesley Hill.

While we are endeavoring to establish an adequate Endowment for the University it is our desire to promote throughout this country a distinctive Lincoln Cult and arouse in the hearts of American citizens a loyalty and devotion to our country that shall be worthy of the name and spirit of Lincoln. We feel that these stirring appeals to patriotism will find as ready a response in the hearts of those who read them as they found in the hearts of the thousands who heard them.

Lincoln, the great American, led this country through a great crisis to a New Nationalism. An even greater crisis today calls for that same leadership and Lincoln's "soul goes marching on",—the most potent spirit of the world today, to bring us into the New Internationalism.

The University stands for the patriotism of Lincoln and is sending out young men and women whose lives have been touched by the holy flame that made his spirit immortal. There is no finer or fitter memorial to Lincoln in all this "fair and pleasant land." We ask your gifts for its support; we ask your sympathy and interest that it may through the coming years be the radiating Center of the highest and purest patriotism.

We shall be glad to hear from you at any time,—a kindly suggestion, a word of helpful cheer. We want to feel the comradeship of the many thousands who are helping to build this Living Memorial to Abraham Lincoln. These friends of Lincoln Memorial University are the honored members of the real Lincoln League of America.

Sincerely yours,

(Rev.) JOHN S. ALLEN,
Secretary.

Room 1308 Forty-second Street Building, New York City.

What three Presidents of the United States have said of Lincoln Memorial University



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

There could be no finer memorial to Lincoln than this University placed just where you have it.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

PRESIDENT TAFT

Gen. O. O. Howard gave the last years of his life with unstinted devotion to the furtherance of the education of the mountain people of the South, through the Lincoln Memorial University at Cumberland Gap. It is a worthy object, and deserves support and encouragement.

WM. H. TAFT

PRESIDENT WILSON

I have for a long time been genuinely interested in the welfare of Lincoln Memorial University. I wish I could lend something more than my mere personal approval to the fulfillment of your plans. May I not take the liberty of bidding you God-speed in them?

WOODROW WILSON

EXPANSION

Maine Monument, Columbus Circle, 10 A. M.:

Mr. Chairman and Fellow Citizens:

Standing beneath this monument, erected to the heroes of the Spanish-American War, we recall that wondrous epoch which marked the dawn of our national mission as the conservator of world-democracy.

Prior to that we had been clinging to the advice which George Washington gave us in his farewell address: "Beware of entangling alliances with the old world." The advice was adapted to our limitations. It fitted us like the little "Anti-Expansion Bib", that it was. We had not gotten very far along in the rearing of the Republic when that advice was given. Democracy was trembling in the doubtful scale; the states were being welded together; the flag was in its experimental stage; there were only a few stars upon it and their lustre was dim. We knew little of the great and wondrous empire west of the Alleghenies; the population along the seaboard was sparse; there was but little manufacturing and less commerce; we were in our infancy. Under those circumstances to engage in the controversies of the old world, to aid France against Great Britain, to concern ourselves with the balance of power, to undertake directly or indirectly to promote the cause of democracy beyond the sea, to obtrude our flag upon the banners of despotism would have been foolish, if not suicidal.

In the midst of these limitations, however, we continued to grow. Our population increased with phenomenal rapidity; our domain enlarged. We were expanding even while we thought we were standing still. We grew to such proportions that finally our little anti-expansion bib looked like a cotton patch on the front of our blue uniform. We advanced far beyond our formative period. Our history loomed against a triumphant background. Our flag began to command the admiration of the world. The American eagle broke from his shell and winged his way far into the heavens. It soon became apparent that God had a work for us to do. In every epoch the man of the hour is at hand. The same is true of nations. Centuries ago a missionary was needed to warn Ninevah of her abominations. Jonah was commissioned to that job. He pled unpreparedness and became a slacker. God had to whale him to his task.

When Providence summoned us to protect the downtrodden Cubans, to lift up the bruised and bleeding Filipinos, to unfurl our flag in the cause of humanity, we were not ready to go forward. We clung to these shores saying, "We are sufficient unto ourselves, let the world take care of itself."

Then something happened. Things do happen in great extremities. One night Spain planted a magazine under the Maine and we went up in the air and started upon a missionary tour from which

we have not returned and I pray God we may never return. We were expanded without being consulted upon the question. Spain expanded us and we disbanded Spain. We were in the condition of the Dutchman who was working with an Irishman on a stationary engine, which exploded. Everything went up. Presently Pat came down and his friends gathered about him asking where is Schmidt? "Shure, Schmidt is all right," Pat replied, "he will be along later, he was going up as I was coming down." Well, we were going up while some other things were coming down, and we went up so high we could hear the voice of Almighty God commanding us to go out among the nations of the earth and let the light of democracy shine brightly among the remote and benighted races of mankind.

We were not prepared for the dramatic struggle which followed. We had but one gun for coast defense from Portland, Maine to Portland, Oregon. We did not have enough ammunition to fire a broadside. Out of that chaos and demoralization arose a man ordained of providence for the great emergency, a man whose intellect worked with frictionless precision and whose courage stood abreast of his intellect—a patriot, a diplomat and a great American, whose name will shine star-bright in our history down to the end of time, WILLIAM McKINLEY.

He recalled the advice which Nestor gave to the Greek generals when he counseled them in their attack upon TROY: "The secret of victory is in getting a good ready." Spain taunted and derided us, cartooned us as cowards and paltroons and pigs. Unpreparedness is always exposed to indignity and insult. The nation, which is unprepared to defend her honor, to maintain her flag and to protect her citizens is only a pitiable excuse for a nation. It is scarcely a respectable tribe.

In the midst of the taunts and jeers of the enemy, William McKinley began "to get a good ready." He enlarged the navy reorganized and compacted the army, gathered munitions and men, appealed to the national conscience, aroused patriotism, created public sentiment and when the psychologic moment came, gripped the navy in one hand and the army in the other, and stepping down into the bloody arena of war landed such a blow between the eyes of Spain that Spain saw nothing but stars,—and stripes. He cabled Admiral Dewey "Find the Spanish fleet and destroy it." Dewey obeyed orders. In the twinkling of an eye the Spanish navy was transformed into a submarine fleet. Within less than one hundred days we drove despotism from the western hemisphere, liberated Cuba and laid the foundations of democracy upon the ruins of autocracy, where today the American school-house, the American home and the American flag tell the story of free institutions in the far East.

We went upon that missionary tour and have not yet returned. We are no longer living in a corner. We have stepped from isolation into the infinitude of world-wide relations and responsibility. We know in the morning about Europe what Europe only knows at sun down about herself. We receive a cablegram from Hong Kong twenty-four hours before it starts. Our lines have gone out through

all the world. We are mixed up in the universal mixup. Today we are a world power. Yesterday we were somewhat doubtful and hesitant, suffering insult through love of peace and surrendering our rights through fear of war. We chloroformed our conscience and administered palatives to our patriotism. Today we are on our feet aroused from the stupification, to the peril that confronts us, conscious of the responsibility that rests upon us and determined that the authority of the flag shall be defended and our honor vindicated. This is the exalted service into which we have been thrust by the inexorable logic of events.

We have entered this service recognizing our duty to humanity and our dependence upon Almighty God. We stand here in the midst of this conflict, with such gentleness to the weak and strength to the strong that when history enters its verdict, it will be known that the source of our strength is in our moral convictions, the secret of our patriotism is in our love of liberty and the inspiration of the sacrifice which we are ready to make is in our devotion to democracy!

THE RED FLAG versus THE STARS AND STRIPES

Greenpoint, Brooklyn, 11 A. M.:

Fellow Citizens: I have been speaking much during the day concerning the peril of Autoocracy. It has occurred to me since I have appeared upon this platform that there is another peril which, while not as imminent, is none the less real and which should be resisted and destroyed before it has the power to carry into existence its baneful program. This cloud upon our political and industrial horizon may at the present moment appear to some to be "no larger than a man's hand." Nevertheless, it is full of lurid threatening to the peace and safety of the nation. It is symbolized by a flag all its own, a flag the very color of which means danger and which wherever unfurled floats in antagonism to the stars and stripes, —a flag which is the insignia of anarchy and the herald of revolution whether that revolution is sounded in dangerous agitation or in destructive legislation.

Everywhere this crimson banner is arrayed against light and liberty, religion and patriotism, law and order, progress and civilization. Its disciples when emboldened by temporary success or exasperated by the demagogic appeals of frenzied leaders do not hesitate to carry into actual practice the reprehensible doctrines it represents,—doctrines which threaten the home, the church, the school, and the state. Some are ignorant of its brazen and treasonable meaning, while others would cover and hide it. But those who bear it aloft do not hesitate to acclaim it the banner of hatred and discord, the ensign of a revolution which contemplates the overthrow of free institutions and the collapse of constitutional government.

Today in the midst of the conflict in which we are engaged for the preservation of democracy, the emissaries of the red flag, impudent,

aggressive and determined are engaged in sowing the seed of dissension throughout the land, stimulating cowards, slackers and honey-mouthed pacifists to organize opposition against conscription and so defeat the ends of justice. Such apostles of discord and revolt, whether arrayed in the name of peace, socialism or anarchy, should be dealt with as traitors by the government and punished with such a swift avenging hand of justice as to smite the spirit of sedition beyond the possibility of recovery.

The line of battle is drawn but it is not yet as visible as it will be if the forces of disaster are not restrained. It is the curse of an evil cause that the virus which feeds it stimulates the appetites of its deluded victims.

Few realize how deeply the canker has already eaten into the fabric of the state; few realize that the issue proclaimed by the representatives of the red flag threatens the demolition of our most sacred institutions.

Surely the line of cleavage is sufficiently drawn. The stars and stripes stand for every righteousness and saving principle in our private and civic life while the red flag would lure them up on the jutting rock of ruin. The stars and stripes stand for representative democracy, for a stable judiciary, for the Constitution and the Bill of rights, for the protection of individuals and minorities, for the home and the state and for religion as the foundation of civilization.

Emerson tells us that "no worse calamity can befall a nation than the loss of worship." The red flag, antagonistic to religion and worship, represents that calamity at its worst. Denying God it exults in gross materialism; deriding immortality it destroys the mainspring of human ambition; hostile to the church it abhors the restraints of religion and incarnates a selfishness and cynicism which must of necessity result in brute force and mobocracy; antagonistic to the home it advocates the doctrine of promiscuity, denies the sacred function of parenthood, desecrates the holy sacrament of love and proposes the utter extinction of the family as it now exists, to be substituted by a "widely extended communism," which literally means animalism.

Some easy-going citizens see in this revolutionary manifesto merely the froth of agitation generated by envy and discontent which they hope will subside when the foment has found vent in turgid oratory, but the persistence of the undermining revolutionary doctrines coming down to us through generations of even more brilliant advocates of a bad cause, than Marks and Engels reveals the emptiness and delusion of such expectations.

General Dick, in the beginning of the Civil War, sent an electric message to New Orleans when the order to remove a revenue cutter to New York was disobeyed: "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag shoot him on the spot." And today standing here beneath the ample folds of this wondrous flag, this banner of justice and brotherhood, of freedom and civilization, of democracy and humanity; standing here under this glorious flag, I would sound a solemn warning to those who would temporize with this red peril, who fancy

that they can tamper with the spirit of revolution and follow it to a certain length without falling into sedition and anarchy, I would warn them in words which cannot be misunderstood of the danger of such an attitude!

The time has come, my fellow citizens, when the attempt by anyone, anywhere, upon any occasion, at any time, to lift, unfurl or advance the red flag standing as it does for terrorism and violence, lawlessness and destruction, should be pilloried and punished as high treason against the state; yes, the time has come when the words of the sturdy Dick, vibrant with the courage and inspiration of his lofty patriotism, should voice the sentiment of the nation toward anyone who attempts to haul down the American flag or substitute for it another flag,—beware of him, denounce him, arrest him, and, if necessary to the safety of our popular government,—“shoot him on the spot.”

Oh, my friends, shall we be so false to our birthright and our training, to the sacred heritage of our homes, to our obligations, to God and humanity, to our fealty and devotion, to the stars and stripes, as to permit, by indifference or neglect of due precaution, such principles as those embodied in the red flag to take root in our political and social life? There is the story of the Holland boy who saw a minute hole in the dike and inserting his finger in it, sat there heroically all through the night and thus stayed the flood which would have gradually enlarged the opening until the sea would have rolled in and deluged the defenseless land.

Are there not among us the fidelity and patient loyalty of that Holland lad? Shall we not keep back the flood of restlessness, the flood of socialism and anarchy by watching carefully for the first breach in the wall of our national security and devoting our talents and treasures, our souls and bodies and our all to repairing the mischief already accomplished and driving back the sullen flood that threatens by ever so little to undermine and destroy the foundations of government? “It is the little rift within the lute” sings Tennyson, “that by and by will make its music mute.” And if, my fellow citizens, we would heal the rift in our political and social harmony that threatens the thrilling chorus of democracy, we must arouse from our lethargy and highly and holily resolve by “our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor” that but one flag shall be permitted to float over our national domain,—a flag born of the patriotism of the revolution; a flag whose stripes were painted in the blood of a handful of patriots arrayed against an empire “whose morning drum-beat starting with the sun and keeping company with the hours encircled the whole earth with one continuous marshal strain”; a flag whose constellation of stars fell proudly into place as a token of the submission of personal interest to the demands of interests infinitely greater; a flag whose stars have been multiplied in our steady expansion and the carving of new commonwealths from virgin territory; a flag which tells the story of all the glory of our past and is prophetic of greater glory yet to be!

OUR FLAG UPON THE SEA

*Naval Recruiting Station, Union Square,
12:15 P.M.:*

My Countrymen: We are reminded as we gather here at this Recruiting Station of the Navy that the war in which we are now engaged involves our national rights upon land and sea. The war of 1812 was fought for the freedom of the seas. Our flag had been carried in triumph through the want and woe and glory of the Revolution. Then the question of the dignity and authority of that flag upon the sea arose. Great Britain denied us that right. The spirit of American patriotism arose to the war level and the patriots who had fought against taxation without representation once more appealed to the sword and with the same valor and heroism which had characterized their struggles for liberty and nationality, they prosecuted the war of 1812 until the flag, which glorified our land, glorified the sea, the doctrine was established that the deck of an American vessel is American soil and that American citizens traveling on American vessels on any sea in all the world must be secure in their life and liberty. That doctrine was established, the treaty was drawn with Great Britain by Henry Clay and for over one hundred years England has respected that treaty and our rights upon the sea have been recognized by all the nations of the earth.

Germany denies us this freedom. She torpedoed the *Lusitania* at the beginning of this war, sending hundreds of our citizens, men, women and children to the bottom of the sea and she has continued to sink our ships and murder our citizens, pausing in the midst of her piratical ravages to assure us that if we would submit to certain humiliating and impossible conditions, we, through the exercise of unusual clemency upon the part of the Kaiser, would be permitted to sail one ship a week.

In the meantime the United States has stood patiently by waiting for the privilege of exercising her rights. While we have been waiting the gentle people of Northern France, who never lifted so much as a finger against Germany, have been driven from their homes while their land has been baptized with fire and blood; while we have been waiting ten thousand hideous tragedies have been enacted against the defenseless Belgians; while we have been waiting the ships of neutrals have been blown up upon the high seas, their passengers and crews abandoned to the mercy of the waves; while we have been waiting the German Ambassador's office in Washington was used to organize plots to blow up American factories, destroy American property and murder American citizens; while we have been waiting Germany has been negotiating a compact against our country with Mexico and attempting to disturb our friendly relations with Japan; while we have been waiting the ocean has been filled with submarines commissioned to destroy our commerce and sink our vessels and drown their crews

and passengers; while we have been waiting the Monroe Doctrine and every other doctrine guaranteed to this western world has been treated with mendacious contempt, until at last, my fellow citizens, we have been rudely awakened from the intoxicating dream of escape from the world-wide catastrophe and in the twinkling of an eye aroused from the slumber of complacency, to an indignation borne of the sense of outraged peace, and today we are fighting for the freedom of the seas, and the dignity and authority of our flag upon the sea.

THE DEMOCRACY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

At the ceremony of placing a wreath upon the statue of Abraham Lincoln at Union Square, 12:30 P. M.

Fellow Citizens: It is fitting that we should pause here at this shrine of national patriotism in the midst of our Celebration of Independence Day and pay tribute to the memory of Abraham Lincoln who towers among the providential leaders of humanity. We can never forget these leaders. History is the story of their epochal deeds. Civilization is the lengthened shadow of their exalted souls!

They come at great intervals, representing vast issues, founding imperishable institutions and wielding an immeasurable influence. Only about once in a century does some solitary herald of a great divine idea appear upon the world's stage, unannounced, utter his message, perform his mission and then disappear as mysteriously as he arrived, leaving behind a memory half mortal and half myth.

Victor Hugo says: "The summit of the human mind is the ideal, to which God descends and man ascends". In each age three or four men undertake the ascent. From below, the world's gaze follows them. 'How small they are,' says the crowd. But on they go,—around scarped cliff and yawning abyss, through storm and cloud and night, until they reach the summit where they catch secrets from the lips of God!

These are the world's peerless leaders. They stand above the cloud line of history,—a grand parliament of picked personalities; Abraham, the Patriarch; Moses, the Law Giver; Joshua, the Avenger; Homer, the Singer; Aeschylus, the Dramatist; Pericles, the Statesman; Plato, the Philosopher; Paul, the Apostle; Michael Angelo, the Sculptor; Raphael, the Painter; Cromwell, the Revolutionist; Shakespeare, the Poet; Columbus, the Discoverer; Washington, the Patriot; Lincoln, the Emancipator; McKinley, the Expansionist and Woodrow Wilson, the Defender of Democracy.

To choose between these men is impossible. There is no method for striking the balance between Abraham and Moses; or Homer and Shakespeare; or Cromwell and Luther; or Washington and Lincoln. There is no primacy among them. They form a dynasty. They wear all the crowns,—even that of thorns. They are all the greatest!

Not by any process of analysis can we determine the particular gift or power of accomplishment in Lincoln that won for him the applause of the centuries. Time can neither be flattered nor bribed. When the centuries are found conspiring to augment the fame and worth of a man, it may be known absolutely that he was of value beyond the capacity of the time in which he lived to express. When, therefore, we see the investment a man makes of himself in his own age constantly yielding larger instalments of interest in succeeding ages, we may know that such a man failed to get all that was due him when he lived. Post mortem eulogy is only back pay.

Some one has said that "A saint is a good man dead one hundred years, canonized then but canonized now." Lincoln was no exception to this rule. In his day, he was slandered and maligned, criticized and cartooned, assailed and assassinated. This is the story of history. Aristeides was banished because he was known as 'Aristeides the Just'. Wellington was mobbed in the streets of London on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. Bruno started heavenward in a chariot of fire. John Bunyan penned the 'Pilgrim's Progress' in a dungeon. Yesterday, we spoke of Washington as a fastidious aristocrat; Lincoln as a buffoon; and McKinley as an imperialist; but today we set these leaders on Olympus with the gods and speak of them as patriots and prophets.

How are we to account for this subtle, intangible, ever enlarging influence of Lincoln? We must look deeper than his words and acts; deeper than the official position he held, to find the source of Lincoln's greatness. Whenever in any age, a man discerns and appropriates the divine purpose which God is projecting through history, he is lifted into immortality by the sweep, the sublimity and power of that purpose.

Plato discerned and seized and lived in the divine idea which it is the function of philosophy to interpret; Copernicus wholly lived in the divine idea which it is the province of astronomy to represent; Darwin, born the same year, the same month and the same day with Lincoln, identified himself wholly with the divine idea expressed in the method of creation.

The divine idea Lincoln wholly lived in was not the intellectual aspect of it with which speculative thought is concerned; nor the biological aspects of it, with which naturalists are concerned; nor the mechanical aspects with which astronomers are concerned. It was the distinctly human aspects of it, with which lovers and martyrs and heroes are concerned.

The universities will guard the fame of Plato; the observatories will keep fresh the memory of Copernicus; the naturalists will take care of the memory of Darwin; but humanity, aching, suffering, despairing, triumphing will recount to itself, over and over again, until the last page of human history is written, the courage, the patience, the pity, the sacrifice, and the heroism of Abraham Lincoln!

And what was the great principle grasped and actualized by Abraham Lincoln; the divine ideal which he made real by bringing it into contact with the social and political life of a great nation? What

was this idea but the *divine right of liberty in man*, equal opportunity for all, on the ground of common humanity? That was the great principle laid bare by Abraham Lincoln, and that is the cardinal principle of American democracy. That America adheres in practice to this principle, Lincoln gives the proof. See him arising from the lowest to the highest; no feudal classes, no inherited birthrights, no legal privileges restraining his march. To be of the people, to be in touch with them; to work for their welfare and elevation; to believe that one's own interest is their interest,—this is democracy in action, and this is Abraham Lincoln.

This is Lincoln, throughout his whole career in the White House at Washington, no less than in his father's log cabin on the farm, or in the humble lawyer's cottage at Springfield; the plain, unassuming citizen; the friendly, kind-hearted neighbor; the advocate of the poor man; the counsellor of the widow; the dispenser of mercy wherever mercy was allowed; never arrogant, never haughty, ever the devout servant of his fellow man, provided only he was the son of our common humanity,—that was Abraham Lincoln.

Ah, the democratic Lincoln! Who is so un-American as not to admire, not to love him, not to see in him, throughout his whole career, the perfect exemplification of Americanism? And in the light of this fact, we admire, we love the very excesses of his democracy, the over-plainness of manner and of dress; his neglect of social forms, his aversion to certain requirements of official dignity,—unnecessary survivals, one might be tempted to say, of the backwoods and the prairies; yet those strange and at times grotesque peculiarities were the trade marks of his distinctive democracy.

Painters often overdraw their lines, to make the more striking and impressive the subtle meaning of their pencils; and so in heroes whom God would lift into the wondering gaze of all nations, there are the seeming excesses of their characteristics, so that they cannot be easily passed by or overlooked. It is not necessary that every true American should at some period of his life have driven a flat boat on the waters of the Mississippi, or split rails in an Illinois forest, or lived in a three-faced shack in the wilderness; it is not necessary that the true American should bring into his station of life the rural manners of the backwoods, the uncouth, unconventional airs of a frontiersman. Nor is the extraordinary ever to become the ordinary, or to be justifiable when assumed as the ordinary.

But this is needed for the true American: that he hold the lowest place in the social edifice to be as honorable as the highest, if duty attached to it is well done; that he hold the lowest place to be the starting point for the highest, if merit adorns the occupant; that he hold himself, whatever his station in life, to be the servant of his country and of his fellow men. That this lesson be taught beyond possible failure, there must be an exemplar by whom it is to be preached in manner that may be seen and heard, and that cannot possibly be misunderstood.

And so, in the order of divine Providence, there comes a strange, fantastic, uncouth and unceremonious man from the tangled forests

of the frontier, in whose presence the most conspicuous men of the time faded into comparative insignificance, while he demonstrated the glory of American democracy and by his devotion to the American flag secured and guaranteed the perpetuity of American institutions, thus making the name of Abraham Lincoln the synonym, the exponent, the enshrined reality of all the meaning that is hidden in that most glorious of all national names and words,—Americanism!

Surely he was God's elect. He cannot be accounted for by the law of cause and effect. Circumstances did not create him; evolution did not evolve him; accident did not make him; history could not explain him.

He was the Melchisedec of his time, 'without beginning or end of days', suddenly appearing and more suddenly disappearing; the priestly Mediator between the North and the South; his strident voice heard like one of old, crying in the wilderness, 'A house divided against itself cannot stand'; that voice again heard at the forefront of the Nation, sobbing like a broken-hearted father over rebellious children, 'We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection'; that voice heard still a third time, pitched to the key of Sinai, pealing above the thunders of war, 'Every drop of blood drawn by the masters' lash shall be paid with another drawn by the sword.'

Yet through all these utterances and unfoldings, he was the same providential man from first to last; the politician blazing the way for freedom through the tangled forests of the frontier, the lawmaker in legislature and Congress, pursuing his convictions with unflinching zeal and supporting them with an oratory which was as simple as it was direct; the exalted statesman, excelling at the points of their greatness the most experienced and sagacious men of the time; the great President, sobbing amid the horrors of a bloody war; the unwavering Chieftain directing the issues of that war with 'the infallible instinct of victory'; and, last scene of all in this mournful drama, the Christian martyr, wrapped in the Flag to which he had rendered 'the last, full measure of devotion'—his life an incomparable epic, and his death an incomprehensible tragedy; statesmen his eulogists, nations his pall bearers, humanity his mourners, his sacred dust guarded forever by the twin angels of his immortality—Liberty and Nationality!"

THE PERMANENCY OF THE REPUBLIC

Morningside Park, 2 P. M.:

Fellow Citizens: Several years ago, Prof. Austin Phelps said, "Five hundred years' time in the process of the world's salvation may depend upon the next twenty years of United States History."

Civilizations grow like coral reefs, crystalizing through weary centuries of struggle and revolution, gradually reaching the high relief of science, philosophy and religion.

What, then, are twenty years or for that matter, a hundred years, in a nation's growth, that they should be so big with destiny?

It must be remembered in this connection, however, that the greatest progress this world has yet witnessed has occurred during the latter half of the past, and these opening years of the Twentieth Century.

Anyone as old as the Nineteenth century has seen a very large proportion of all the real progress made by humanity in civilization.

But this is more than an era of material progress, it is a period made luminous by the luster of great ideas. The principal idea is that of individual liberty. The brain of the world is no longer under one hat, and the thinking of the world is no longer done by one head. The liberty of ancient Greece and Rome was not individual but collective. It was the liberty of class or clan, the liberty of the Government, not the governed.

The idea that the government exists for the individual is thoroughly modern and in the evolution of that idea, this nation was the Providential medium, for its manifestation to the world. This doctrine is the crux of the conflict in which we are now engaged.

But the question arises, is this government, which has been the pioneer of all this progress, to be permanent?

Is it a mere phenomenal speck in the world's history, or will it endure as the embodiment of the divine purpose, the grand climax of all human experiments in the problem of civil government?

Have we planted its principles so deeply that they cannot be uprooted? Have we built the ship of state so thoroughly that it will outlive all storms?

Let us look at this question for a few moments.

And to begin with, I maintain that this republic will abide, because, in the first place, its prenatal preparation was a prophecy of its permanence.

Before it was born, the seed of life was planted in it.

If you would make a full and fair estimate of a man, you must look at the stock from which he springs.

It was Oliver Wendell Holmes who declared that in order to develop the highest type of manhood, the preparatory work must be inaugurated three hundred years before the man is born, and so it is well for us to consider the early influences which crystalized our history.

Take the period from the middle of the 14th to the middle of the 15th century, one of those great ages in which all the future was controlled.

It was an age of popular uprising.

Philip the Second had been driven from the Netherlands, and the Spanish Armada had been shattered on the coast of England. The Thirty Years War had been fought by the great Protestant Champion; Gustavus Adolphus had fallen upon the field at Lutzen, while the shouts of his victorious soldiers rang in his ears.

It was an age in which the great East India Company was formed which achieved control of an empire.

It was an age in which great things were done in the world of literature and art.

It was an age in which Galileo was compelled to say, "I renounce and abjure the heresy of the earth's motion."

It was an age in which Tinteretto flashed the full light of his genius upon canvas.

It was an age in which Cervantes plied his scorpion scourge of satire and laughed to death that huge joke of a decaying feudalism, an absurd devotion to the forms of chivalry.

It was an age in which Calderon wrote his immortal works, in which Titian painted in one color, and Paganini played upon one string; in which Michael Angelos' chisel was still at last, but not till his genius found shelter in St. Peter's, the dome of which he failed to finish.

It was an age in which Richelieu ruled, not only in France but throughout Europe.

It was an age in which marvellous things were reported and believed. Science was in its infancy, astronomy was still clogged with the superstitions of astrology, chemistry was wrapped in the mystic garb of alchemy.

It was an age in which the telescope first looked into the heavens, and the microscope brought to light the secrets of the invisible, the age in which the barometer first felt the breath of the coming storm, and in which the thermometer registered the pulse beat of the air.

It was an age in which Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, in which electricity was likewise brought to light, and in which laws were discovered for triangulating the sky and ascertaining the angles of the stars.

It was the age of Milton, Descartes and Newton, and Shakespeare, like the sun, was the central illumination, paling all other lights into insignificance.

Now, I say that seed maturing at such a time was great seed. It had the germinal elements of permanence. It was electrified by great events, vitalized by divine principles, transported to this Western Hemisphere by divine Providence and sown amid the snow and ice of winter, but its energy of life and heat of thought melted the snow, warmed the frozen earth, brought spring and summer, fruit and flowers, transforming the wilderness and solitary place into the fairest garden of civilization.

God had fanned the threshing floor of all Europe to find this seed for the planting of America.

Men of intelligence, independence, integrity, and stainless character, men schooled by flame and scourge, men who hated oppression, and believed in human rights, men of faith, fidelity and incorruptible manhood, were needed for the great emergency.

Poor but peerless, not frilled and powdered, nor titled, but knighted by nature, armed with the two edged sword of justice, and inspired by the pulsing love of freedom, these were the men who crossed the trackless sea, landed at Plymouth Rock, laid the foundation of civil

and religious liberty, and brought to pass the dreams and hopes and prophecies of all the past.

"They could not live by king-made codes and creeds,
They chose the path where every footstep bleeds;
Protesting, not rebelling; scorned and banned,
Through chains and prisons hurried from the land;
Through double exile, till at last they stand
Apart from all, unique, unworldly, true,
Selected grain to sow the earth anew;
A winnowed part, saving remnant they,
Dreamers who worked adventurers who pray."

Not only, therefore, do we find evidence of the permanency of the Republic in the prenatal preparation for its birth, but in the vitality of great seed thought upon which it is founded—divine principles which have thus far withstood all attacks upon their integrity; and in this we find another presage of the permanency of the Republic.

Consider first of all the difficulties surrounding the beginnings of our national life.

Who can paint the picture of those early struggles of the Pilgrim Fathers as they were actually experienced?

We see them struggling there in the dense forest, shut in by a "stern and rock bound coast," against which the "breaking waves dashed high," clutched by poverty, emaciated by disease, assailed by savages and overwhelmed by every disaster and discouragement.

Yet their faith was unbewildered and their confidence supreme.

Soon axes 'waked echoes in forests, boats were launched on rivers, fields of golden grain appeared, settlements multiplied like magic, trading posts were established, commerce followed agriculture, immigrants came from every land, the population increased, the experiment of government was tried; they found that they could make and execute the laws, they began to doubt the use of paying tribute to the useless, they rebelled against the despotism of tyrants, they protested against taxation without representation, and finally, they hurled against the cruel edicts of a thousand years that "chart and compass of all human rights," the Declaration of Independence, for the defense of which the War of the Revolution was waged and won.

That was not a war of pride and ambition, in which a continent or island was the trophy of triumph.

It was a contest of personal liberty and civil rights, for the free state and the free church, coming down out of the centuries, involving the peace and sanctity of every American home, and deciding for every man the measure of his responsibility over his own conscience, liberty, and life.

That was the problem of the Revolution, and out of its fiery heart, liberty was born, and upon its ensanguined fields, a confederation of states was formed which for beauty, strength and perfection is without analogy in the history of the world.

The ancient league of the Amphictyons, cemented with religious ardor, but not patriotism; the confederation of the Archæans in the defense of liberty, but separated by mountain fastnesses; the Union of the Lycians, soon rent by the dissensions of rival cities, and the modern confederacy of Germany, still dominated by the ideas and traditions of the past, are not to be compared with the new and glorious spectacle of these United States of America, founded in justice, upheld by virtue and intelligence, and crowned with that glorious banner in the ample folds of which is written the story of our country, its emblazonry of stars shining for the divine right of liberty in man.

Then we have an evidence of the permanency of the Republic in the second historic epoch through which we passed, viz., that of the maintenance of the Union,—the essential controversy of which was that of the fundamental principle of free government with a social, political, and industrial system to which that principle was absolutely hostile.

Two civilizations were struggling for the mastery, the one founded at Jamestown, representing slavery, and state sovereignty, the other built upon Plymouth Rock, representing liberty and federal authority.

The Puritan and the Cavalier stood face to face; compromise was impossible. The nation could not live, half slave and half free. A house divided against itself could not stand.

American slavery was so strong in tradition, in sentiment, in commercial interest, in political power, in Constitutional theory, in the timidity of trade, in dogged and unreasoning sectional hatred, and in religious sanction, that like an unassailable fortress upon heights inaccessible, it frowned in gloomy sovereignty over a subject land.

There was but one force which could oppose the vast and accumulated power of slavery, and that was the force which in other years and lands had withstood the consuming terrors of the mitre and the crushing despotism of the crown—the conscience of the people, a moral conviction so undaunted and uncompromising that resistance could not exhaust it, nor suffering nor wounds nor death defeat it.

The keynote of that conviction was sounded in the immortal declaration of Garrison, which pealed forth like the voice of a divine challenge, "I am in earnest; I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch; and I will be heard!"

The South relied upon the bond, a barbarous clause that stained, disfigured and defiled the federal pact, and made the monstrous claim that slavery was the nation's ward.

The spot of shame grew red in Northern cheeks, and Northern men declared that slavery had poisoned, cursed, and blighted soul and soil enough, and that the territories must be free.

The Radicals of the South cried, "No Union without slavery."

The Puritans of the North responded, "No Union without liberty."

Upon the great issue of free homes for free men, a President was elected by the free states, a man six feet four inches tall, of serious aspect yet an air of command, inspired by a divine call as direct as that which Moses heard from the burning bush, and Providen-

tially equipped for the great emergency,—Abraham Lincoln, the “Rail splitter of Illinois.”

He spoke to the sea, and its waves were crowned with an invincible navy. He called for volunteers, and hundreds of thousands of brave men sprang from the couch of ease and marched away beneath the Stars and Stripes, keeping step to the grand, wild music of war, resolved that this government “of the people, by the people and for the people, should not perish from the face of the earth.”

For the preservation of the Union, for the overthrow of slavery, for the triumph of justice, these soldiers, disheartened by no danger, discouraged by no difficulty, appalled by no defeat, never paused nor swerved until they had marched from Paducah to Appomattox, threading every river and stream, climbing every hill and mountain, seizing every harbor and inlet, sinking every gunboat and ironclad, conquering every legion and army, capturing every officer and soldier, utterly annihilating the Southern Confederacy, and returning home with a flag a thousand times more beautiful for its baptism in blood.

Another evidence we find of the permanency of the Republic, in the maintenance of our national integrity and honor in the midst of the third epoch through which we have passed, viz., the Spanish-American War, resulting in the expansion of American commerce and civilization.

We are too near the scenes of this last struggle to fully and finally interpret that intervention of providence by which it was precipitated.

We were in the midst of peace and plenty,—when suddenly the wheel of industry was reversed, and we found ourselves in the midst of a bloody war, a war forced upon us by circumstances which we were unable to control, a war for humanity and the nation's honor.

Within less than one hundred days we drove Spanish despotism from this Western Hemisphere, lifted the struggling people of Cuba up to the level of liberty and nationality, emancipated the Filipinos from the thralldom of despotic lust and cruelty, and planted the Stars and Stripes in the mid-Pacific, as an object lesson in triumphant democracy, never to fade from the vision of the teeming millions of the far East.

Surely, these immortal achievements, together with countless other signs of promise, should strengthen our faith in the durability of the Republic, and our determination to defend it against all its foes.

And now we are engaged in another struggle which already marks a new epoch in our national history. The struggle in which we are today engaged, is cumulous, representing all the principles for which we have fought in the past. It is the Wars of the Revolution, 1812, the Civil War and the Spanish-American War hammered into one, re-enacted and refought upon a world-wide scale. We are engaged in a struggle for Liberty and Justice—for the freedom of the seas—the protection of American citizens at home and abroad, the integrity of treaty compacts, the stability of international law and morality, the defense of humanity and the spread of democracy.

That we are to win in this conflict no one can deny who believes that right makes might. True the struggle is desperate. Savagery, armed with modern scientific implements is challenging humanity and civilization. Every device born of the spirit of cruelty and murder, has been invoked. Military aristocracy is arrayed against Democracy and the most cherished and sacred ideals and institutions of humanity are in jeopardy. The entrance of our nation into the struggle was through necessity rather than choice. We had stood aloof, clinging to our shores, absorbed in our domestic affairs, praying that we might escape the horrible catastrophe. The moment came, however, when self-respect, national dignity, devotion to humanity and the sanctity of our flag required our enlistment in this crucial struggle for the preservation of liberty and human rights throughout the world.

And today we are engaged in this struggle. What the immediate future holds in its mysterious keeping, we cannot fathom; but we do know, that as we have triumphed in the past, as we have cleared the way for human progress towards the promised land of freedom, as we have stood among the nations as the lantern-bearer of Democracy, so today in our devotion to these sacred principles we must triumph! It is the doctrine of Lowell:

"Truth forever on the scaffold
Wrong forever on the throne;
But that scaffold sways the future
And behind the dark unknown
Standeth God amidst the shadows
Keeping guard above his own."

INTERNATIONAL LAW AND TREATIES

*George Washington Headquarters, Jumel Mansion,
3:30 P. M.:*

Ladies and Gentlemen: The stability of modern civilization rests upon the integrity of contracts between individuals and nations. Peace has been maintained among the English speaking nations for one hundred years because they bound themselves by the treaty of Ghent to keep the peace.

Here in this Western Hemisphere along a boundary line of three thousand miles, tranquility has been maintained between Canada and the United States, without fortifications or ships or armies or guns. There have been occasions when the bond of friendship was severely strained. The controversies of the Northeastern Boundary, the Oregon Boundary and the Alaska Boundary were acute. The affair of the Caroline on the Niagara River, the Fenian raid upon Lake Champlain and the enforcement of the fisheries regions were trying and serious but upon neither side of the boundary, neither sinister designs nor territorial aggrandizement were harbored. The purpose of each was merely to defend its own rights and the controversies were

ultimately settled by arbitration. Both sides respected the integrity of treaties and were bound by the compact into which they had entered to maintain the peace.

Years ago the representatives of Germany, the United States, England, France and other nations entered into a treaty, guaranteeing the integrity of Belgium. That treaty was regarded as sacred by the civilized world. In August 1914 the civilized world was horrified to learn that Germany had ruthlessly violated that treaty, characterizing it as a "scrap of paper."

In that act of repudiation Germany served notice upon the world that her word was worthless. In the violation of that treaty Germany plunged into moral bankruptcy and today Germany is execrated and outlawed by civilization.

Why, my friends, if an international pledge is to be violated at the caprice of a greedy and lawless nation, what guarantee can there be for the peace and safety of the world? When Germany violated the neutrality of Belgium, ours should have been the first nation to protest for the reason that the United States was born in the very concept of law. The American Revolution stands in striking contrast with the bloody revolution which came a little later, the French Revolution. Our Revolution was not ushered in with high-sounding phrases but simply to enforce our rights under the law. That was all that was demanded. Washington, at whose headquarters here in New York, during the American Revolution, we are now assembled, led in that Revolution because he declared that our rights under the British constitution had been violated. The French Revolution stands in striking contrast with this. It was ushered in under the battle cry of "Liberty, equality and fraternity." It faded in a short time to the adulation of a memory and then disappeared at the Battle of Waterloo, while the American Revolution disclaimed in the name of law and legal rights arose higher and higher until it sounded the keynote of the Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Now, I think you know and the world knows that no treaty can be sacred so long as its execution depends upon the honor and honesty of autocracy. Autocracy rests upon force; democracy rests upon law. Respect for law is the spirit of democracy and for the reason that in a democracy the law is an expression of the will of the people. There is therefore, this essential distinction between the two forms of government, namely, that while the government of an autocracy assumes superiority to law and the right to violate any legal or moral obligation which may interfere with its selfish interest, the government of a democracy is subject to the law for the reason that democracy rests upon law and depends upon law for its perpetuity.

Thus, while a democracy preserves *itself* through the exercise of these qualities, it is better adapted to apply the same methods in the conduct of its *international affairs* and the result is an ever increasing certainty that international law will be observed as the foundation of international order and civilization. This characteristic of democracy leaves no option in its attitude toward autocracy. The two types of government cannot live permanently side by side. So long as there

is an autoocracy anywhere in the world democracy is not safe from the attacks which are sure to come from time to time, not as the result of international misunderstandings—questions which might be settled by arbitration,—but as the result of the spirit of rapacity and aggression which constitutes the very soul of autoocracy. To be safe, democracy must destroy autoocracy whenever and wherever it can. The world cannot be half democratic and half autoocratic. It must be all democratic or all autoocratic. There can be no compromise. If autoocratic, there can be no international law, no treaty integrity; if democratic, national law will be observed and peace will be enthroned. The democracies of the world are arrayed today against the last stronghold of autoocracy and are engaged in the conflict imposed upon them by policies advanced by ambitious rulers under claim of divine right, for their own aggrandizement without regard to law or order or justice. The issue may seem uncertain but the end is not. Autoocracy is doomed; beyond its destruction arises the dream of universal peace, a peace rooted in righteousness and crowned with justice, a peace which will be guaranteed by an international tribunal, where national controversies will find judicial settlement and the principles of law will be applied to world problems and international treaties will bind in peace and brotherhood all the nations of mankind!

Such a struggle as this, may well inspire the heart and hope of humanity. Today, it entails infinite cost. Tomorrow, mankind will partake of the fruit of the great sacrifice and unborn generations will rejoice in the sacred heritage we hand down to them.

PATRIOTISM

Isham Park, 5 P. M.:

My Friends: I am happy to appear on this program this afternoon with Borough President Marks. He has been telling me of the patriotic and progressive spirit of the people in this part of greater New York and as I look into your faces I see that your virtues have not been overdrawn.

The careful preparation which you have made for this patriotic meeting and these beautiful and impressive decorations, together with the spirit of enthusiasm which is everywhere apparent, stamps you as worthy of all that President Marks has said and I congratulate myself upon the opportunity of addressing you. And right here in the beginning of what I may have to say I desire to pay tribute to the integrity and efficiency of the administration of the Borough President of New York. Its statistical story reads like the romance of municipal administration. It is little wonder with such a record of economy, progress and prosperity that so many people throughout our city feel and believe that President Marks should be promoted to a still higher and more responsible position of public service.

He has spoken to you of patriotism. I know of no man more qualified to discuss the subject. He exemplifies it, makes it real, practical and possible. Why, you cannot look into his face nor listen

to his words without feeling the very inspiration of patriotism. Patriotism is a lichen clinging to its own rock. It grows by the century defying alike the frost and ice of the frigid zone and the suns and sands of equatorial deserts. It resists transplanting. The captive Israelites with their harps hanging upon the willows of Babylon were songless in a strange land. In our own land at the confluence of all the great races, where we have foreign cities only second in size to the great foreign capitals, we are under special need to cultivate the virtue of patriotism which is the religion of the soil. The religion of the soil is the handmaid of the religion of the soul. It is true that a man may have patriotism and not have religion, but it is hard to see how he can have religion and not have patriotism.

Thus it is important in our republic that religion and patriotism should grow side by side. Patriotism can be maintained by a country only when its fires are kindled from the altars of religion. Understand, I am not speaking of sectarianism. Religion is basic. Sectarianism is secondary. Righteous war is possible only when the principles involved spring from the consciousness of accountability to Almighty God.

The conscience of the people must be enlisted before their patriotism reaches white heat. War cannot be ordained and maintained on a mere financial issue. It defeats itself. It costs more than it comes to. It consumes its own motive. Only the conscience of the people can maintain the public spirit up to the fighting point. Conscience has to do with morality. Morality is at the foundation of good government. This opens the field of ideas and ideals. Patriotism cannot be measured in square miles. National solidarity and democracy are things to be measured in terms of the spirit, not in terms of trade and superficial area. Patriotism means more than glorified geography, more than majestic mountains and fertile fields and inexhaustible mines. It is not visible but invisible. It means more than anything that can be said about it. Indeed, it means more than the flag. It is the quickening spirit of the flag. One may salute the flag without feeling the thrill of patriotism. He may be able to quote the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States and still know nothing of the quickening spirit of those immortal documents. Some people only see the material—the lower side of things. They are like the old farmer who visited Niagara Falls and after gazing a few moments upon that mighty waterfall exclaimed, "My, my, what a place to wash sheep." That is the lower plane and I fear that some of us have moved but little higher in the appreciation of our national heritage. "My, my what a place to make money," voices the ruling passion of not a few. "How much is there in it," has stifled our national conscience and substituted the eagle eye of greed for the vision of duty!

We have become so occupied with prosperity that we have forgotten the debtorship of prosperity. With God quality is more than quantity. It is not a thing of size but of fitness. Power is but another word for responsibility. We have gathered power and wielded it to our material aggrandizement but we have forgotten the ne-

cessity of exercising power over power or in other words the right use of power.

Patriotism means sacrifice. It is the still small voice of fidelity to duty, service to humanity. It is a great thing to have our hearts and minds expanded but they should be expanded along large and generous lines.

We have entered upon a new era, the era of world democracy. This is the true goal of internationalism. Yesterday we could not quite see where we were going. We were a little doubtful as to our next step. We took refuge in the adage that "God takes care of idiots, infants, drunkards and the United States."

But, my friends, the day of trusting to luck, of muddling along without chart or compass or guiding star has passed. The time has arrived when we must formulate our national purpose, think out great policies for human uplift and betterment, for the spread of liberty and justice among the nations, and, having thought these policies out and developed a program, we must adhere to that program. In other words, the time has come when, as a full grown nation, we must abandon the dreams of childhood and put our faith in policies which represent the best that we are able to do,—for ourselves and the world. To accomplish this we must breathe the spirit of patriotism. Events adhere to this. Mankind instinctively honors the Greek mother who gave her son a short sword saying, "If it is short take a step forward"; also that other Greek mother who gave her son a shield saying, "Return with it or upon it."

In service to humanity every path leads upward. This is the secret of the uplift of democracy. The genius of our liberties, like the sun, shines upon the mountain-side and in the lowly valley. It warms and quickens the oak on yonder crag and cheers the tiniest flower down in the vale. This genius inspires patriotism. It calls for heroes and heroism. It cannot be deceived by cheap models. It can transform a surveyor into a Washington, a rail-splitter into a Lincoln, a tanner into a Grant, a mule-driver into a Garfield, an humble lawyer into a McKinley and a school-teacher into a Wilson,—the humblest citizen into a patriot.

Surveying these wondrous transformations she says, "Look, see what I can do! I have made these out of the common clay of humanity,—richer treasures than can be found among the crown jewels of all the courts and palaces of the world. It is this uplifting power of liberty quickened with the spirit of patriotism, which is transforming our Republic today from an isolated, self-centered, fortune-building nation into a great humane, compassionate, inspiring defender and preserver of democracy throughout the world.

This is the transformation which we are now undergoing, the new and higher era upon which we have entered and as we contemplate the destiny which it presents, there comes to us an enlarged vision of our responsibility among the nations of the earth and guided by the inner light of patriotism, we move forward to the "mark of our high calling" rejoicing that providence has called and patriotism points the way to such a glorious immortality.

THE SPIRIT OF LINCOLN IN ARMS

City Hall, 8 P. M.:

At the Battle of Marathon, the Athenians outnumbered ten to one by the Persians, achieved a memorable victory and the salvation of their country, because, as the fable runs, the spirits of Castor and Polieux, their national heroes, led the Grecian charge.

The annals of every people are full of instances showing how the inspiration of the heroic dead has stirred the hearts of patriots to noble and triumphant action.

It has remained for America to produce a figure which embodying the typical characteristics of our democracy, makes appeal to the sympathies and the aspirations of all mankind, wherever and whenever engaged in the struggles of liberty against despotism.

In a very true sense, and it is perhaps the most striking fact in the entire history of the present war, the cause of the Allies finds its deepest inspiration in the character, the principles, the convictions, the utterance and the achievements of Abraham Lincoln.

Lloyd George, the foremost English statesman of the day, finds the most perfect expression of the soul of the present contest for the enfranchisement of Europe in the words of our backwoods President, which he quotes as the justification of the Entente policy.

In the opening paragraph of his inaugural address as Premier, he says: "I would like to quote the well-known words of Abraham Lincoln, 'We accepted the war for an object, a worthy object, the war will end when that object has been attained. Under God I hope it will never end until that time.'"

Those were the words uttered by Lincoln at the height of our own Civil War, and those are the words which are ringing out today over the world-wide battlefields of the present incomparable struggle, sounding the death knell of tyranny and ushering in the reign of liberty.

It is noteworthy that the great Premier in making this quotation did not speak of "Lincoln, the American." Lincoln has outgrown the boundaries of nationality and towers as a world figure, standing in the forefront of a world crisis, his words full of world wisdom.

When the eyes of the immortal emancipator closed in death, Stanton, his Great War Secretary, exclaimed, "Now he belongs to the ages" which was but another way of declaring, "Now he belongs to humanity, because he is the enshrined reality of democracy."

And today the nations enlisted in the grim and final struggle against autocracy find their sustaining inspiration in the spiritual leadership of Abraham Lincoln.

France, who copied our institutions in 1790; England, who has enfranchised her subjects; China, who arose against the Manchurian Dynasty and built a Republic moulded on the Constitution of the United States, gladly acclaim the democracy of Lincoln; while in the midst of the successful strivings of Russian democracy, up from the

night of centuries of oppression, the bright guiding star which illumines its pathway and glorifies its goal, has been the deeds and political creed of Abraham Lincoln.

And, my fellow citizens, it is the spirit of Lincoln which leads the United States today in the holy crusade of freedom in which we have enlisted, and Sir, it will be the "Spirit of Lincoln in Arms" that will lead the allied hosts to a glorious and final victory over the foes of democracy.

And if you would know the secret of this invisible leadership; if you would find the only explanation behind this new and thrilling uprising among our own people for the protection of humanity, I have but to refer you to the two-minute address that Lincoln delivered at Gettysburg, which today belongs to the world.

You remember those immortal words: "The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what was done here." And then he went on to express the hope that out of the blood of those who had given their lives for their country, "this nation might have a new birth of freedom" concluding with those words which President Wilson has already quoted and which every speaker everywhere during this war will quote. You remember them: "That government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

Ah! If Lincoln were here today—and I believe he is.

Somehow I seem to see his serene spirit looking down upon us from the summit of these American centuries, and thus looking and listening, he hears that prayer which he offered at Gettysburg now trembling upon the lips of all the liberty loving nations of the world, the prayer for a "new birth of freedom", and "that government of the people by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

In the light of that prayer, my friends, it is not difficult to understand the meaning of this war, nor is it difficult to understand why we have enlisted in it.

It is a war for the fulfillment of that prayer for a new birth of freedom, not only for our own land, but for all the nations of the earth—the allied nations, the neutral nations, yes, and even for Germany itself. Let us hope that this war will not cease until that prayer is answered.

THE MEANING AND MISSION OF THE FLAG

Central Park, 9 P. M.:

If you ask, "What is the meaning of our flag?" I answer, "It means the principle of self-government, originally embodied in the compact drawn by the Pilgrim Fathers yonder in the Mayflower, beginning with the words, "In the name of Almighty God, Amen," and closing with the same. It means Plymouth Rock, Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill, Valley Forge, Germantown, Yorktown; in short, the uprising of the new world against the old, the array of American democracy against aristocracy,—the establishment of the most momentous doctrine the world has ever known,—the sovereignty of the individual man.

It means the Declaration of Independence, the "chart and compass of all human rights." It means the story of the Revolution in the bloody throes of which our flag was born. It means Representative Democracy, with such constitutional safeguards for the protection of individuals and minorities as preclude the possibility of mobocracy. It means the might of right, as against the right of might; the divine right of man as against the divine right of kings. It means the story of the Civil War—a sacred memory sealed with the best blood ever poured out in the holy cause of liberty. It means the dramatic victorious prosecution of the Spanish-American War, the keynote of world democracy.

It means all that our civilization means,—that the schoolhouse is the bulwark of American liberty; the ballot box is the ark of American patriotism and the home is the cornerstone of American democracy. It means the protection of our citizens at home and abroad, on every land and sea, wherever the flag is unfurled. It means that anarchy and mobs are unAmerican, that there is a legal remedy for every wrong, that dynamite is the weapon of the coward, that person and property, life and liberty must be inviolate beneath its ample folds. It means that education is the fortress of freedom and that religion is the foundation of civilization. It means the sanctity of our courts, that the scales of justice shall stand between weakness and strength, want and wealth and guarantee simple equity to all. It means the right of property possession, that the theory of confiscation is incongruous with the spirit of the Constitution. It means the rights of labor and capital and that real, social and industrial progress must be by evolution and not by revolution.

It means national honesty; that there shall be no knavery in politics, no graft in office, no betrayal of trust and no violation of treaty. It means national unity, that we are the citizens of one country, bound together in such an indissoluble compact that we are invulnerable to any weapon formed against us.

It means national hospitality, that we welcome to our shores all refugees from oppression; that our fireside is broad enough for every

man who loves our flag; that our citizenship is composed of all races whom "God hath made of one blood," and that neither class nor caste nor racial distinction shall mar our spirit of brotherhood. It means that every gate shall be locked against anarchy and sedition, and that every law shall be enforced against crime; that our institutions demand the respect and reverence of all, that foreign instincts conflicting with these institutions will not be tolerated and that we have in this country but one citizenship, not hyphenated but pure, simple, unqualified and unadulterated,—American citizenship, and he who talks or boasts or professes any other citizenship is a foe to our flag and a traitor to the government which he has sworn in allegiance to protect with his ballot and if necessary to defend with his blood.

Glorious flag! Washington rode beneath it, fought beneath it and triumph beneath it. Beneath it Cornwallis surrendered and Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved in triumph over Sheridan at Shenandoah, over Grant in the Wilderness; over Meade at Gettysburg and over Sherman on his triumphant march to the sea, yes, and over Schley and Sampson at Santiago, and over Dewey in Manila Bay.

Wondrous Flag! The flag of our fathers, the flag of Jefferson, Hamilton and Webster; the flag of Lincoln, Garfield and Cleveland, the flag of Harrison, McKinley and Wilson, Your flag and my flag, the flag thank God which is enthroned in the hearts of one hundred million freeman, the flag of freedom, the flag of democracy, the flag of the republic in the defense of which we are ready to do and dare and die.

Gaze upon it and you will see nothing in it to cause a blush or call for an apology. Its history has always been right, no blot upon its beauty; no blur upon its field of blue; no stain upon its stars, no shadow upon its title, no ravenous lion nor hissing serpent nor frowning castle nor shadow of sceptre or throne in its sacred emblazonry but always and everywhere the symbols of light.

It is the banner of the dawn; the flower of hope blooming in the garden of humanity; the herald of peace and justice and brotherhood, the insignia of democracy keeping step with the march of the king of day, the incarnation of all the dreams and hopes and prophecies of all the past, the bow of promise upon the brow of this world war storm glowing with prophecy of speedy victory and glorious things to come.

Truly, we can exclaim with the psalmists, "God has given to us a banner that it may be displayed because of the truth",—that is, because of the principles it represents, the inspired truths for which it stands. These principles belong to humanity and, therefore, our flag, as the embodiment of this wondrous patrimony, must be lifted aloft and advanced in the face of every foe until at last it waves in triumph—with all—the flags of all the heroes and patriots and lovers of liberty throughout the world.

Then, and not until then, shall we render our last full measure of devotion to the cause of human liberty. Then, and not until then, shall the glory of our flag be revealed—a glory which shall inspire the wonder of the world and which shall cause mankind to uncover and salute when it appears.

DEMOCRACY versus AUTOCRACY

Morris High School Campus, 11:30 P. M.:

That we are now engaged in war is a fact to which the response of the American people has proven instantaneous and overwhelming. And, my fellow citizens, we know the meaning of the war upon which we have entered. We are fighting to preserve the independence, the liberty and the self-government won by our fathers in 1776. We are fighting for the preservation of a government which derives its just powers from the consent of the governed. Yes, and we are fighting for the other nations that have glimpsed this vision and are today battling for its fulfillment. Their eyes have caught the splendor of the free institutions founded by our fathers on the virgin soil of the new world and strengthened, enlarged and glorified with the march of our history.

This is not a war against the German people. They are the helpless victims of an autocratic system which is sacrificing their best blood. It is not against but for them that we war. It is for their people in the fatherland that we fight. It is against the German military aristocracy that we are arrayed,—a system accelerating in power, licensed by inordinate greed, usurping as desire advances, limitless in audacity, glorying in savagery.

The fundamental principle of autoeracy is the ascendancy of the state above the individual. The theory of the modern republic is that rights begin with the individual. That was stated in the Declaration of Independence, namely that individuals have, "inalienable rights among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" and that government is instituted to secure and guarantee these rights. The monarchial theory is that the state is the foundation of right, that individuals derive their rights from the state and therefore the exigencies of the state are superior to those of the individual.

It was upon the development of that principle that the war in Europe began, and upon that principle it was declared, that there is no obligation upon the part of a nation to respect the integrity of a treaty, if the treaty is contrary to its interests and furthermore it was declared that there is no obligation upon the part of a nation to respect the rules of the laws of nations upon which all civilized states have agreed, if those laws conflict with its interests. Upon that principle Serbia was served with a notice which demanded the surrender of her independence and upon her failure to comply she was overwhelmed. Yes, and Belgium, who had no quarrel with anybody, was also served with a demand that she surrender her independent rights as a neutral and violate her solemn agreement, and upon the failure of Belgium to comply, her land was devastated, her homes reduced to smouldering embers and her people were subjected to outrage, torture and martyrdom.

The struggle is between these two conflicting theories of government,—the principles of autoeracy and democracy. Between the

contending lines there can be no twilight zone uncertainty, no ground for compromise. It is a death struggle between civilization and barbarism. One or the other must die.

The German note proposing a peace conference employed a phrase which sets forth the very principle involved. It said: "We are forced to take up the sword for justice and for the liberty of 'National Evolution'!" God save the mark! It was national evolution that overran Serbia; national evolution that visited Belgium with a thousand unspeakable tragedies; national evolution that sank the Lusitania; national evolution firing upon hospital ships, murdering the representatives of the Red Cross and defying international law and morality. "Evolution" is what Germany calls it, but the world has come to understand that German evolution is the synonym for *devolution*. This evolution has not remained in Europe. It has not confined itself to the English Channel or to the Bosphorus. It has marched abroad, unfurled its lustful flag over the world, seeking to gather beneath it the territory of the earth. It has attempted to gain a foothold in the new world. Over and against its encroachment upon this hemisphere stands the Monroe Doctrine, a doctrine, if you please, which means that the safety of the United States forbids any foreign power from obtaining a foothold upon this continent where it could readily make war upon the United States. It is a doctrine necessary to the safety of the United States.

Now, I ask, "What will become of this doctrine if we fail to protect it?" What will become of it if we do not see to it that autoocracy is destroyed in this present conflict? What would it mean if a foreign naval power were to obtain a naval base in the Caribbean or on those islands near the Panama? Our interests in the Panama would be utterly worthless to us and notwithstanding our expenditure of five hundred millions of dollars to accomplish a means of transferring our navy from ocean to ocean; the navy shut up on one side of the continent or the other, would be of little value as a means of defense. God save us from such a day. A day when we would be placed in the condition in which France has existed for the past forty years, always on the lookout for the approaching foe, a condition in which comfort and security must give way to alarms, invasions and attacks.

In view of this peril, who denies the necessity of fighting for our rights,—our rights on land and sea, our rights in treaty compacts and in the maintenance of international law and order and civilization, our rights here on this western hemisphere which has been seeded down with the vitalizing principles of democracy!

This is not a war of conquest. It is a war, so far as we are concerned, for the maintenance of American rights. A flag which does not symbolize the power of the nation to protect its citizens lacks the power that inspires devotion, the spirit that quickens patriotism and the authority that commands respect.

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